

# THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 28 Oct. 1959

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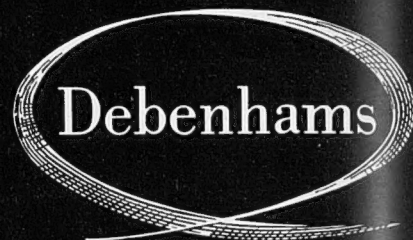


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Photographed by Peter Clark specially for Debenhams in the foyer of the Ritz Hotel, Paris.

## Nina Ricci at







Vol. CCXXXIV No. 3035

28 October 1959

This week's COVER FEATURE (page 211) is on a good-living note. It is confidently recommended to men, because even though it is about fashion it is also about food. So men can drool over the menus if they do not share women's interest in the dresses—though what seems more likely is that David Olins's photographs will interest everybody. . . . Hector Bolitho is one of several literary lights who live in Brighton, and what he likes best about the place is not the bustle of summer, with its hordes of beach-bound visitors, but the quiet autumn months when residents have the town to themselves. On pages 206-10 he writes fondly of THE BRIGHTON I LOVE and Alan Vines photographs his enthusiasms. . . . A few days ago a bus set off from Kings Cross with the destination board marked *Bombay*. J. Allan Cash travelled on it earlier and his photographs of BY BUS TO INDIA begin on page 223. . . . Saturday night is Hallowe'en, a night for parties and pranks. To help you get into the appropriate spooky mood, Victor Frank contributes a special short story, LALAGH'S LAST PARTY, on page 220.

A word about Christmas. It's not too early to place your order for The Tatler's special **Christmas Number**, particularly if you want it to go overseas (we'll send it for you). The Christmas Number, price 3s. 6d., will be out on 12 November this year, and it's quite the liveliest yet, full of useful information about food and party-giving, amusing articles and picture features—and even a cut-out game for those who aren't too proud to play.

NEXT WEEK: The Winter Sports & Cruise Number. . . .

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**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden, *Sylvia*, with Fonteyn, 7.30 p.m. 29 October; with Nerina, 3 November; with Linden, 14 November. *Ondine*, with Fonteyn, 8 November. (cov 1066.)

**Covent Garden Opera**. *Boris Godunov* (in Russian), 7 p.m., 5, 9, 12 November. (cov 1066.)

**Sadler's Wells Opera**. New production *Cinderella* (Rossini), 7.30 p.m., 29 October. (TER 1672/3.)

"**The Merry Widow**," London Coliseum (Sadler's Wells company). 7.30 p.m. (& 2.30 p.m. Saturdays). (TEM 3161.)

**Junior Fashion Fair**, R.H.S. Old Hall, Westminster, 2-6 November.

## DOG SHOW

**Ladies' Kennel Association Championship Dog Show**, Olympia. 4 November.

## WINTER SPORTS

**Winter Sports Week** at Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus. Clothing & equipment, films, ski-school. 2-7 November.

## CHARITY EVENTS

**Hallowe'en Ball**, the Dorchester, in aid of the National Children Adoption Association. 29 October. Tickets from the N.C.A.A., 71 Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

**Flying Angel Fair**, Londonderry House, Park Lane, for the Missions to Seamen. 11.30 a.m. 12 November.

**International Dinner Ball**, the Dorchester, in aid of U.N.A. 17 November. Tickets £3 from Miss Nancy Scott, M.B.E., 25 Charles St., W.1.

"**500**" Ball, Claridge's, 19 November. For the British Rheumatic Association. Tickets £3 (including dinner) from the Hon. Secretary, "500" Ball, 11 Beaumont St., W.1.

## HUNT BALLS

**Cotswold**, 13 November; **Avon Vale**, 20 November; **V.W.H. (Cricklade)**, continued on page 191

## WHO WRITES LETTERS TO MAGAZINES . . . ?

IT DEPENDS. LONELY HEARTS SIT down and write to the women's magazines. Enthusiasts write to technical magazines. Show-offs write to humorous magazines. But a glossy magazine only hears from readers when (1) they want to know something, (2) they want to cancel their subscription, (3) something stirs them up. Lately there's been some stirring in THE TATLER. . . .

### Prep Schools

Lord Kilbracken's attack (16 September) stirred up parents and masters. Mr. H. J. G. Collis writes that the Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools, of which he is chairman (he is also headmaster of Colet Court), "has had a large number of protests about the article." He makes the points that "many I.A.P.S. schools have ceased to be privately owned . . . and it is now possible to become a prep-school headmaster without investing money." Hence prep-school teaching attracts many with a real sense of vocation. The association runs training and refresher courses for teachers and this year more than 500 attended. The association has a pamphlet, *Foundations*, which parents can obtain for 2s. from R. A. Harrison, Snape Hall, near Saxmundham, Suffolk.

### Pheasant-shooting

Roger Hill's illustrations to the Earl of Lanesborough's article (7 October) stirred up Viscount Scarsdale. He writes: "Never should unfired cartridges be left about in such close proximity to a dead bird. Blood, which is very sticky, can get on the cartridge cases. . . ." Lord Lanesborough himself (who had no hand in the pictures) supports Lord Scarsdale on another point. He writes: "The man is not only carrying the birds upside down but in the same hand he is carrying a gun in a dangerous manner. . . . I hope for his sake he never applies to me for a job." Roger Hill exonerates the gamekeeper and pleads photographer's licence for the composition.

### Fashion

"An old subscriber" (anon.) writes from West Kirby, Cheshire: "Fancy giving us pages of '*Ankle Angles*'" (9 September). Mrs. Atholl Errington-Wilson of Cracoe House, Skipton, Yorks. writes: ". . . those endless pages of fashion. . . ." Mr. George Eadey of Invercargill, New Zealand: "Travel and fashion are excellent—especially your fashion. . . . Sincere congratulations. . . ."

Thanks for writing.

# GOING PLACES

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SHOWS SPORTS SPECTACLE

## OUT OF DOORS

**Hunting starts**, 31 October. Opening meet of the Garth.

**Golf**, Spalding Women's Open Tournament, Worthing. To 30 October.

**Veteran car run**, London-Brighton, 1 November.

**National Car Rally**, 5-7 November.

## MUSICAL

**Royal Festival Hall**. Programme based on Shakespeare's *Romeo & Juliet* by the **Sadler's Wells Orchestra** and soloists. 8 p.m., 2 November. (WAT 3193.)

## ART

**de Segonzac Exhibition**, Royal Academy. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sundays, 2-6 p.m. To 29 November.

**Old Dutch & Flemish Masters**, Alfred Brod Gallery, Sackville St., W.1. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Saturdays, 10 a.m.-1 p.m. To 15 November.

**Old Master Drawings**, from the collection of Dr. & Mrs. Springell. Colnaghi's, Old Bond St. 10 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Sats. 10 a.m.-1 p.m. (in aid of The Children's Country Holidays Fund). To 11 November.

## EXHIBITIONS

**Motor Show**, Earls Court, to 31 October.



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**Gundry—Philipps:** Susan, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. B. Gundry, of Grange, Honiton, Devon, married Jeremy Hew, only son of the Hon. Hanning Philipps and Lady Marion Philipps, of Picton Castle, Pembrokeshire, and of Connaught Place, W.2, at St. James's, Piccadilly

## WEDDINGS

*continued on page 194*



**Bridge—Cotterell:** Vanda Alexandra Clare, daughter of Major P. A. C. Bridge, of Southdown, Tavistock, and the Hon. Lady Wrixon-Becher, of Chesel Walk, S.W.10, married Mr. John Henry Geers Cotterell, R.H.G., elder son of Sir Richard Cotterell, of Garnons, Hereford, and Lady Lettice Cotterell, of Madresfield, near Great Malvern, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

### DIARY *continued*

E. Kent, Sir W. W. Wynn's  
27 November; United Hunts  
(Cambridge), 28 November.

Judith Stott, Barry Jones. (Hay-  
market Theatre, WHI 9832.)

### PRaised PLAYS

*From reviews by Anthony Cookman.  
For this week's see page 226.*

**Pieces Of Eight.** "... lively dancing  
and some attractively individual  
clowning... it is a revue that  
never bores." Kenneth Williams,  
Fenella Fielding. (Apollo Theatre  
GER 2663.)

**Roar Like A Dove.** "Miss Storm  
... writes a great many amusing  
lines... spoken by a company  
who know how to make them tell  
for all they are worth." Faith  
Brook, Patrick Barr, Renee  
Houston. (Phoenix Theatre, TEM  
8611.)

**The Pleasure Of His Company.**  
"... an engagingly bright, senti-  
mental comedy." Coral Browne,

### FANCIED FILMS

*From reviews by Elspeth Grant.  
For this week's see page 227.*

G.R. = General release

**Ask Any Girl.** "... smooth comedy  
directed with a pleasing lightness  
of touch." Shirley MacLaine,  
David Niven, Gig Young. (G.R.)

**Gigi.** "... Two hours of ravishing  
entertainment... it must in no  
circumstances be missed." Leslie  
Caron, Maurice Chevalier (Ritz,  
Leicester Square, GER 1234.)

**Upstairs & Downstairs.** "... an  
amiable episodic trifle concerning  
the difficulties experienced by a  
pleasant young couple... in their  
quest for a domestic help." Anne  
Heywood, Michael Craig, Joan  
Hickson and Mylene Demongeot.  
(G.R.)



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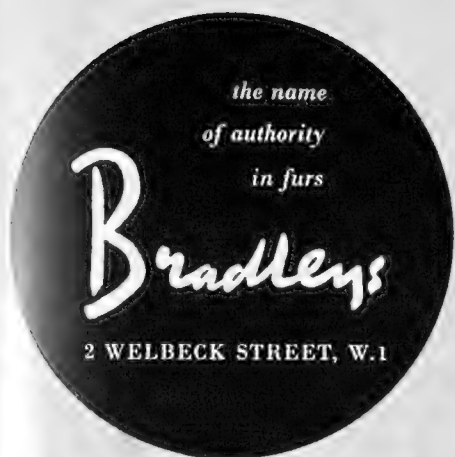
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**Maxwell—Knollys:** The Hon. Sheelin Maxwell, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. the Hon. Somerset Maxwell & the late Mrs. Hobbs, married the Hon. David Knollys, son of Viscount & Viscountess Knollys, at St. James's, Spanish Place



**Myers—Cayzer:** Pamela, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Myers, of Lagos, Nigeria, married Maj. Harold Standish Cayzer, of Westcote Manor, Edgely, Warwicks, son of the late Maj. & Mrs. H. S. Cayzer, at St. Columba's, Pont S.

## WEDDINGS



**de Bosmelet — Chetwynd:** Helene, daughter of Baron & Baronne de Bosmelet, of Auffay, S. & M., France, married Tom, younger son of Major Randolph Chetwynd, M.C.E., and Mrs. Chetwynd, at St. James's Spanish Place

*Engagements appear  
on page 235*



**Earle—Drury-Lowe:** Belinda, daughter of Sir Hardman & Lady Earle, of Elm Street, S.W.1, married Patrick John Boteler, son of Lt.-Col. Packe-Drury Lowe, Prestwold Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire, and Lady Brinckman of Mornington House, Parkside, London, S.W.19, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



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28 OCTOBER 1959

## WEDDING IN THE RAIN

For Viscount de L'Isle's daughter, the Hon. Elizabeth Sidney, & Oliver Colthurst





WEDDING IN  
THE RAIN *continued*

by  
MURIEL BOWEN

**T**HE DAY THE Hon. Elizabeth Sidney married Mr. Oliver Colthurst was the day the rains came. At the reception at Penshurst Place (home of the bride's parents, Viscount de L'Isle, v.c. & Viscountess de L'Isle) it was fun to watch guests fumbling with their umbrellas—after all the sunshine they seemed to have lost the knack of closing them without coming near to poking somebody in the eye. "Mummy! Mummy! Why does it rain?" asked a tousle-haired page in brown velvet Elizabethan doublet with cream silk hose. He watched fascinated as guests stacked their umbrellas against the wall under the King's Tower.

Penshurst Place, immense and rambling, made a strong contrast with the small church of St. John the Baptist, Penshurst, where the ceremony was held. The reception was in the drawing-room, where everyone admired the bride's white satin dress which she had designed herself. Afterwards guests mingled in the famous Baron's Hall. There I saw the Dowager Viscountess Trenchard, Denys Lady Colthurst (the bridegroom's mother), who was talking to her other son and his wife, Sir Richard & Lady Colthurst, and Lord & Lady Astor of Hever.

The Baron's Hall is an imposing room with its high timbered roof and tall Gothic windows. Guests gathered round a charcoal fire set in a large oil barrel in the middle of the red brick floor (the fire used to be set on the floor itself with the smoke coiling and soaring to an open vent in the roof, but the vent has now been shut), and helped themselves at the buffet tables on either side of the room. These tables have stood in the hall on their trestle supports since the 15th century, and family retainers used to eat at them.

Helping herself at one of them was Lady Churchill, who told me that she is feeling much better since her eye operation. She had her daughters Mrs. Christopher Soames and Mrs. Duncan Sandys (wearing a pretty pink hat) with her. But the relative she was making a great fuss over was her grandson, 23-year-old Mr. Julian Sandys, red-haired like his father. He has decided on a political career, too. In the election he did well contesting a hopeless seat.

The bride cut her cake on the dais at the end of the hall, a dais on which the family and their guests dined in the old days. There were no speeches. That's becoming



UMBRELLAS OUT as the bridal attendants leave Penshurst church. There were six bridesmaids, three child bridesmaids and three pages. The page above is Master Rodney Morgan Giles, aged four





a trend at weddings I have been to lately.

From the Baron's Hall the guests went up a coiling stone staircase to the solar to look at the wedding presents—hundreds of them. Here I saw several family parties going round. The **Marchioness of Abergavenny** had her daughters **Lady Anne** and **Lady Vivienne Nevill** with her, the **Earl & Countess of Devon** had their daughter **Lady Katherine Courtenay**, and the **Countess of Gosford** was accompanied by **Lady Caroline Acheson**. I also saw **Viscount Gort**, who is **Lady de L'Isle's** uncle (and brother of the famous Field-Marshal) & **Viscountess Gort**.

When they return from their honeymoon Mr. & Mrs. Colthurst will be keeping up a family tradition by making their home in Chelsea. The bride's grandfather was mayor and her father represented Chelsea for a time as M.P. My guess is that the Colthursts are going to have lots of visitors—I've never known a bride to get so much cooking equipment (two whole tables full of pots and pans). "She's terribly keen on cooking; she took a course during the summer," Lady de L'Isle told me. "I can see the kitchen is going to have a great part in her life."

## How do you give?

**Tom Hustler** answers the question with pictures taken at Miss **Stephanie Todd's** coming-out dance at **Wardington House, Banbury**

In Oxfordshire, more rain. At the dance given by two sisters, **Mrs. William Pilkington** and **Mrs. Harry Greer**, for Miss **Stephanie Todd** (Mrs. Greer's daughter) at **Wardington House, Banbury**, guests in long dresses and gold evening shoes found themselves picking their way through the long wet grass in the car park, into the garden and across the stable yard to the house. Not that anybody minded. Inside the sturdy green-and-white striped marquee the loudest, zippiest band I've heard for a long time (an import from Staffordshire) was going full blast. Miss **Priscilla Cubitt**, Miss **Grania**

*continued overleaf*



CALMLY: Miss **Stephanie Todd** (whose dance it was), partnered by **Mr. Alistair Hall**



ABANDONEDLY: Miss **Madeleine Rampling**, who shared a coming-out dance in London last July



EXPERTLY: Miss **Jenifer Wontner** (daughter of Mr. & Mrs. **Hugh Wontner**) and **Mr. Alan Morris**



ENERGETICALLY: Miss **Ingrid Geach** (her dance is at **Stratford-on-Avon** soon) and **Mr. John Hall**



COMPLICATEDLY: Miss **Jane Stockdale** (a niece of **Lord Faringdon**) and **Mr. Martin Monica**



CONFIDENTLY: **Lady Gillian Pepys** (the **Earl of Cottenham's** daughter) and **Mr. James Barber**

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

Villiers-Stuart, and Lady Gillian Pepys lost no time in getting into a jive session. Miss Philippa Hohler watched—it was her fifth dance of the week.

While skirts rustled and the marquee gave the occasional shudder with a storm whipping up, some of the girls talked of their new-found occupations. Dark, beautiful Miss Caroline Hatherell is studying music (piano and cello) at Trinity College. For Lady Clare Feilding—who was wearing a white muslin dress with pink satin bows—it's portrait photography. But she doesn't know how long the course will take. "It is probably all a case of how long they'll keep me at the studio," she said.

Another girl with an artistic bent, Miss Madeleine Rampling is taking art lessons in Chelsea, where life, she says, has still to catch up with this jet-propelled age. "I'm so anxious to get on," she said, "but for a whole fortnight now they have kept me painting bottles." Red-haired Miss Sarah Eccles (wearing a blue-ish make-up) is now studying shorthand but plans to switch to beauty culture in the New Year. While Miss Celia Wenger (who came out last year) is nearly finished with shorthand and typing, and is thinking of a job. "Trouble is to find somebody nice to work for," she says.

By 4.45 a.m. guests' cars were trickling under the stone archway, lit with stable lanterns, and on to the main road. But some feet were still pattering on the floor of the night club—the badminton court transformed with flowers and greenery. The rain was seeping in here and there, and a covered way threatened to cave in.

A man with a white moustache spattering his way across the gravel, paused to look at the night sky. "Pity all this rain didn't start days ago," he said, "and then we could have had the hunter trials today." It was the one regret of the evening. The trials which were to have been held at Priors Marston, near Southam, Warwickshire, on 17 October, had to be postponed until 10 November because of the dry, hard ground.

## SOLDIERS CELEBRATE

A special City function was the banquet of the London Rifle Brigade Rangers at Guildhall. The brigade is unique in that it was formed by the Lord Mayor of London at Guildhall in 1859 and it returned there last week to celebrate its centenary and receive congratulations from the present Lord Mayor, Sir Harold Gillett.

It was a splendid turnout, a handsomely uniformed and beautifully gowned gathering 700 strong. Some people, because of the

crowd, had to dine in the minstrels' gallery, and the crypt (once the Brigade's armoury) was used as a bar. Gog and Magog in glowing gilt armour looked down on tables sparkling with regimental silver—£50,000 worth of it—while the regiment and its guests ate their way through *consommé*, Dover sole, roast pheasant and pear Hélène.

Army functions are usually a little bit on the dry side. But not this one. There was lots of fun. Brig. T. Fairfax-Ross, a stock-broker, who is Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, talked about the thin, shy young man who joined the second battalion of the Rifle Brigade when he was its adjutant. "Look at him now, and how he has filled out after my good early training," he said, proudly pointing down the table to Gen. Sir Francis Festing, the C.I.G.S. Sir Francis threw his head back and laughed so much that everybody saw his missing front tooth.

Lieut.-Col. Stuart Newman, the Commanding Officer, and Lord Mancroft also entertained us with their speeches. But a City dignitary who spoke on the civic development of the City of London since Roman days was not so well received. "There should be a close season for speeches, especially after what we've been through in the last couple of weeks," came an audible whisper from the next table. When the speeches eventually finished they had taken up one hour and 56 minutes of the three hours originally allotted for dancing.

There were many veterans of the regiment present, such as Lt.-Col. Don Burnell, who joined the Brigade in 1896 and still thinks nothing of walking from his Club in St. James's to the Brigade H.Q. in the City, and also Lt.-Col. G. H. G. M. ("Buns") Cartwright who was being roundly denounced by one of the younger members because he once went out to bat (very successfully) for the Eton Rangers wearing a pair of suede shoes! Of the younger people present there were Major & Mrs. David Campion, Miss Carina Boyle, Mrs. Adrian Secker (who used to be on the Queen's Press office staff), Capt. P. Trustram Eve, a son of the Q.C., and Major & Mrs. J. H. Huntsman.

## CATCH THEM GOING HOME

Another City of London function was a party to launch plans for a Christmas production of *Treasure Island* at the Mermaid Theatre. It was a clever stroke of Lady Currie's to have the party in the P. & O. boardroom in Leadenhall Street, in the late afternoon. Because of the timing and place

*continued on page 204*



*President de Gaulle greets Prince Rainier at the Elysée, where a State dinner was held*



*Princess Grace meets some of the Elysée guests. Below: The visitors posed with Gen. de Gaulle*







*Most glamorous event was the civic dinner at the Hotel de Lauzun on the Ile de St. Louis, where footmen in 17th-century livery lighted the way through the entrance corridor*

## STATE VISIT

*It was rather like dressing up to greet your neighbour when Prince Rainier & Princess Grace of Monaco paid a State visit to France. The couple are often in Paris, and Prince Rainier even has a home there. But Parisians were delighted to see them (as the picture alongside demonstrates) especially as Princess*

*Caroline accompanied her parents*



Mr. Joseph Nickerson was  
host to sportsmen at  
his Lincolnshire home



PHOTOGRAPHS:  
ROGER HILL



*The Earl of Gainsborough, who lives in Rutland*

## A day out with the guns



*Lord Worsley, the Earl of Yarborough's heir*



*Lord Netherthorpe (he is the N.F.U. president)*

The Rothwell estate in Lincolnshire was at its most beautiful in the autumn sunshine when Mr. Joseph Nickerson was host to seven experienced guns. Partridge shooting there is unrivalled—there was a record bag of 2,117 birds in 1952. On this occasion conditions were almost ideal. The air was clear and bright, and the beaters raised the birds high and well in front of the guns.



*Below: One of the loaders*

*Below: Colonel John Sandars*



*Mr. E. W. Bailey, his loader and Mrs. Bailey on the last drive before lunch*



# Choral practice

MURIEL BOWEN *continued from page 200*

she managed to capture many of her husband's business friends and acquaintances. Indeed the room bulged with prominent City men and their wives—Sir Donald & Lady Anderson, Mr. Peter Cadbury, The Earl of Inchcape, Mr. & Mrs. J. B. Currie, Lord & Lady Craigmyle, and Sir Ralph & Lady Metcalfe among them.

It was the best-attended charity party I've been to for ages. Obviously the place to have these things is within a stone's throw of friends' offices. A stiff brandy is not nearly so enticing when it means trudging through the traffic to Mayfair after a hard day in the office. But nipping out of the office a little early for a party just up the road... ah, that's a very welcome prospect.

Mr. Bernard Miles, a trustee of the Mermaid Theatre, announced plans for the production, to be held on 12 December. There will be performances at 5.30 p.m. and at 8.15 and tickets vary in price from one to three guineas. In addition there will be two sittings in the restaurant, one at 7 p.m. and the other at 8.30. The evening is a benefit for King George's Fund for Sailors and The Missions to Seamen.

## MUSIC AND POLITICS

With dark evenings the concert season is with us again. At the Festival Hall I met Miss Phyllis Sellick, the international concert pianist. She has the same problem as most musically-minded Mums. Her daughter Clare,

aged 12, has musical talent, but she won't practise enough. "She's keener on ponies than on the piano," her mother tells me. But Miss Sellick is philosophical: "I don't see that there is any use in trying to get her to practise, when she can hear good music just by turning on the wireless."

The concert where we met was given as a benefit for the Federal Trust, an educational body of which Sir Adrian Boult said in an appeal, "it makes known our aim of peace with teeth and a Federal body to enforce it."

After listening to Miss Sellick and her husband, Cyril Smith, play music arranged for three hands on two pianos some of the concert-goers went to a party given by Lord Layton for the organizers and their friends. It brought together people interested in both politics and music and some, like Countess Jowitt, widow of the former Labour Lord Chancellor, who are interested in both. She told the best story of the evening about her 12-year-old grandson, William Wynn-Williams, who found himself the only Labour supporter at his prep school during the General Election. "It wouldn't have happened if grandfather were still alive," he told me," said Lady Jowitt. "I thought it was wonderful—it made my day."

## DANCE WAS OFF

Mrs. Robert Buxton writes to tell me that the dance we announced she was giving on 25 September for her daughter Lettice was in fact cancelled.

*Carolling in the Austrian mountains (opposite) the Vienna Boys Choir who sang at the Royal Albert Hall last Sunday. They are in Britain for a tour and will sing in six towns from Bournemouth to Manchester. In February they are due to visit Britain again and will give a concert at the Festival Hall.*

—Photograph: GERTI DEUTSCH

## BRIGGS by Graham









Opposite: "I am sure that fabulous amazon Phoebe Hessel would be delighted at the thought of little boys playing about her grave"

"We can climb up and watch the towers and domes of the Pavilion"

# THE BRIGHTON I LOVE

by Hector Bolitho

photographed by Alan Vines

**I**N OCTOBER, MOST OF THE TRIPPERS have forsaken Brighton and the town becomes our own: those of us who live here are able to fall in love with it all over again. The gulls cry as they fly under the last arches of summer light; the little boats are drawn up over the shingle for their winter sleep, and the beautiful façades of the houses in Arundel Terrace and Brunswick Square form a background to our tranquil habits.

Why do we love Brighton so much, especially in this sudden hour, when the last fat peaches have been gathered from the garden walls, and the wind begins to shake the leaves from the elms in the churchyard? It is because we no longer feel that we are a mere trippers' resort, with fried onions and frankfurters, and postcards designed to provoke a snigger. The promettes have retired to their maisonettes; the skiffle

groups no longer crowd the milk train; the tattooed lady has veiled her illustrations within a two-piece suit, and the fortune-teller has wrapped her cards of magic in her handkerchief and gone back to Balham.

Thackeray wrote of "Kind, cheerful, merry Dr. Brighton." That is how we see ourselves, when the tourists have gone. And we love our town because it is old, rambling, and full of surprises. We can climb up and watch the towers and domes of the Pavilion; an Oriental conglomeration in which Omar Khayyam might doze happily with his Flask of Wine. We can walk through the ornate rooms, with their fantastic decoration and excellent craftsmanship, without being jostled by strangers. We feel then that it is our local palace, saved and guarded by Mr. Clifford Musgrave, with his three devoted muses — Scholarship, Imagination and Modesty; exercising his power benevolently, where the Prince Regent used to drink iced champagne and smack his Hanoverian belly with laughter at his own jokes. We can walk into his bedroom and look at the discreet door that led to Lady Conyngham's rooms, upstairs. We have been told that a ghost walks there: whether of the Prince Regent climbing up the stairs, or Lady Conyngham coming down, we do not know. All of which stirs a thought on the relationship between precedence, manners and morals; and another thought—that the sins of our betters are romantic, and even respectable, when we see them down the corridor of time.

There is a legend that the Prince was drawn to Brighton "by the angelic figure of a sea-nymph whom he one day encountered

reclining on one of the groynes on the beach." The story inspired Rex Whistler to paint his mural decoration of the Prince awakening the Spirit of Brighton, which hangs in a room on the first floor of the Pavilion. This picture I love, because of its sleek naughtiness, and because of the varying expressions on the faces of others who view it; shocked, delighted, or surprised.

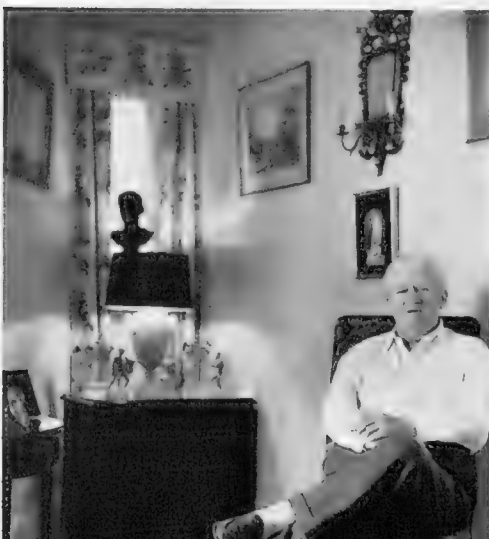
Of course, things have changed: the mayors and councillors clear their throats and make speeches in these rooms where the Prince used to create merry hell. In October 1805, eight days after Trafalgar, Mrs. Creevey wrote:

Oh, this wicked Pavillion! . . . the Prince led all the party to the table . . . to see him shoot with an air-gun at a target placed at the end of the room. He did it very skilfully, and wanted all the ladies to attempt it . . . Lady Downshire hit a fiddler in the dining-room. Miss Johnstone a door, and Bloomfield the ceiling. . . . At last a waltz was played by the band, and the Prince offered to waltz with Miss Johnstone, but very quietly, and once round the table made him giddy, so of course it was proper for his partner to be giddy too; but he cruelly only thought of supporting himself, so she reclined on the Baron. . . .

When we have tired of our merry ghosts and our domes and towers, we can jump on an open-top bus and drive along the coast to Rottingdean. And this is delightful. At one point, the bus soars up the slope so that we look down the steep white cliff on our right and have the illusion of flight: we are seagulls, 100 feet above the shore, looking

continued on page 207

The author in his sitting-room









*"The beautiful façades of the houses in Brunswick Square"*

across the water where Napoleon's frigates waited, 150 years ago, to slink in and catch the little boats that sailed along the Sussex coast. We have this brave sensation, but only for a moment; then we are back to reality again, as the conductor comes for our fares. Soon we arrive in Rottingdean and walk through the narrow streets. There is Kipling's ghost in his garden, mumbling the dreary, improving lines of *If*. There, beyond a tall gate, is a better sight—the house in which Burne-Jones used to live. In the garden, Miss Enid Bagnold is walking along the path: she pauses and extends a quiet hand to pick the last rose of summer.

Being in my second childhood—a state I enjoy—there is one more surprise in the old streets of Rottingdean. It is the Toy Museum, in a lovely Georgian house, the Grange. I like to go there alone, or with a god-child, and take an uninhibited pleasure in the rocking horse and the dolls.

Nearby is the *Plough*, where I like to go in the evening and buy a glass of port. I do not drink it in the bar; I carry it out to the edge of the village pond and sip it slowly, savouring it well in the roof of my mouth, and looking up at the sky. It is broad and splendid here, and suddenly an aircraft appears and leaves a trail of vapour in its

wake. It becomes a vast, cerise hieroglyphic in the light of the setting sun.

Some evenings, when it is almost dark, I drive up to the Downs—to the Devil's Dyke—and look inland, across the great valley from which the beams were cut, from chestnut trees, for Westminster Hall. The journey is a waste of time if I have no small change in my pocket for there is a telescope on the crown of the hill, through which I can gaze at the moon and believe that I recognize the Seas of Serenity and Tranquillity, with a lunik bruise between them—all for a penny in the slot.

My house in Brighton overlooks St. Nicholas's Church; the oldest in the town, with part of the tower said to be Norman. In the churchyard below, the children from my street play cops 'n' robbers; and their happiness and good manners give the lie to some of the savage complaints made about the young. They even play on the tombstones and in the trees, and only the sour old interferers try to stop them. I am sure the dusty dead enjoy the thought of children dancing and singing on the grass above them.

Sometimes, I make a round of the tombstones: I have done this so often that I feel that I am on friendly terms with Martha

## THE BRIGHTON I LOVE

*continued*

Gunn, "*who was peculiarly Distinguished as a bather in this Town nearly 70 years,*" and who died in 1815. And with Sake Deen Mahomed, "*of Patna, Hindoostan,*" who was Shampooing Surgeon to both George IV and William IV. He lived 101 years before he was buried in this Christian churchyard. Then there is the tomb of the fabulous amazon, Phoebe Hessel, who "*served many Years as a private Soldier in the 5th Regt. of foot, in different parts of Europe.*" She apparently concealed her wistful secret until she was wounded at Fontenoy, in 1745. Then she was invalided out of the army and retired to Brighton, where she died at the age of 108. Her tombstone says so. I am sure she would be delighted at the thought of little boys playing at soldiers about her grave.

We live quiet, friendly lives in Brighton. There are the old-fashioned shops, that cater for us rather than the tourists. Mr. Stratta is proud of the sharp knife with which he cuts salami, wafer-thin; and his coffee beans, fresh-roasted, make us sniff and say "Ah!" as we walk into the shop. Mrs. Taylor cooks her own ham and Mr. Taylor delivers it, with a smile. And Mr. Duschinsky the

*continued on page 210*

*Royal Crescent (left): "A background to our tranquil habits"*

*"One more surprise in the old streets of Rottingdean, Victorian dolls at the Toy Museum"*





*"We can walk into the Prince Regent's bedroom and look at the discreet door to Lady Conyngham's rooms"*



*"Being in my second childhood, I take an uninhibited pleasure in the rocking horse"*

*Right: "A legend inspired Rex Whistler to paint his mural of the Prince awakening the Spirit of Brighton"*





"There is a telescope on the hill, through which I gaze at the moon, all for a penny in the slot"

## THE BRIGHTON I LOVE *continued*

"Mr. Duschinsky brings his musical box into the street and draws a chair out for me"

antique dealer—with the incongruous name "Mary Russell" over his door—actually brings his musical-box into the street and draws a chair out to the pavement for me to sit on, while he plays *Victoria Valse* and *Air of Spring*. At "Country Style" I can buy fresh basil and marjoram, home-grown by Mrs. Davy—also game *pâté* and farmhouse Brie.

This is how we live in Brighton, when the trippers depart: this is why we love it, during the long doze of autumn. We are a handful of villages, behind the town, and you will never find us in the big, dry-martini hotels, or on the fish-and-chip mile along the sea front. We are remote from the holiday visitations and we will fight like the dickens to remain so, when next summer comes.



"Miss Enid Bagnold extends a quiet hand to pick the last rose of summer"







# Seven nights out

Presenting seven menus, seven  
restaurants and seven changes  
of dress photographed by  
**DAVID OLINS**

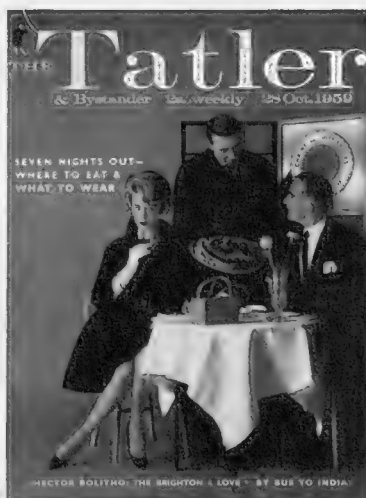
## Massey's Chop House

### The food

*Pâté de la Maison*  
*Grilled trout*  
*T-bone steak*  
*Potatoes baked in jackets*  
*Mixed salad*  
*Cheese*  
*Coffee*

### The wine

*A claret, Château*  
*Cheval Blanc 1953*



### The dress

Polly Peck's black sheath dress with a matching three-quarter length trench coat. Price: 23½ gns. at Derry & Toms, W.8; Renée Shaw, Sutton: Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Morley's gloves in Pittard's leather. Chairs from Heals.

### The restaurant

Massey's Chop House at 38 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3 (KEN 4270), specializes in T-bone and porterhouse steaks, chops and cutlets. Rhodesian-born Mr. Charles Massey (seen in the cover picture) is a *Maître* of the famed *Chaine des Rotisseurs* and all the food is grilled over charcoal.

# L'étoile

## The food

*Escargots de Bourgogne au Meursault*  
*Truite marinée Maison*  
*Escalope de veau à la Zingari*  
*Haricots verts frais*  
*Pomme sautées*  
*Pêches fraîches en salade*  
*Fromage "Magnum"*

## The wines

*Corton-Charlemagne 1955. Louis Latour*  
*Corton-Grancey 1953. Louis Latour*

## The dress

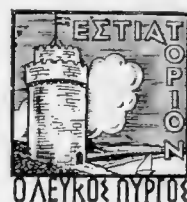
Frank Usher's restaurant two-piece in marron glacé lace. The jacket with the longer line has a boat neck and is straight. The sheath dress is lined throughout and belted with satin cummerbund. From Wakefords, Chelsea; Ann Tudor, Stratford-on-Avon. Edith Dennett, Alderley Edge. Price: about 20½ gns. Jenn Fischer made the stiff black tulle tambourine hat with mesh veiling. Pearl choker necklace by Paris House, price: 5 gns.

## The restaurant

L'Etoile, at 30 Charlotte Street, W.1 (MUS 7189) has been in the Rossi family for 55 years. The *escargots de Bourgogne au Meursault* and the *Truite Marinée Maison* are two favourites of the present owner, Mr. Frank Rossi, seen in the picture with his maitre d'hôtel, Toni Sofianos.







## THE WHITE TOWER

### The food

*Taramosalata*—pâté of smoked roe with lemon, olive oil & chopped parsley on hot toast  
*Potage Avgolemono*—chicken broth to which beaten new-laid eggs & lemon are added just before serving

*Souvla à la Pallicare*—lamb & lamb's kidney, mushrooms, tomato & onion grilled on a skewer over a charcoal fire & served on a bed of rice

*Loukmades à la Grecque*—feather-light fritters served with honey from Mount Hymettus

*Turkish coffee*

*Syrian Paklava & Locoums*—sweetmeats & Turkish Delight

### The wines

*Retsina*—white wine

*Sodap*—red wine

### The dress

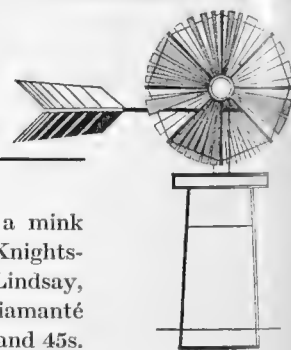
Roter's elegant black sheath restaurant dress of pure silk crêpe is practically uncrushable. It has a chemise neckline softly ruched across the bust. White swansdown helmet by Jenny Fischer. Jet stud ear-rings and multiple stranded jet and gilt necklace are by Paris House, prices: 31s. 6d. and 5 gns. Morley's long white kid gloves in Pittard's leather. Dress from Fenwick, W.1; Leaders, Leeds and branches; King's Fashions, Glasgow. Price: 29 gns.

### The restaurant

The White Tower at 1 Percy Street, W.1, (MUS 2826) is famous for *cuisine à la Grecque*. The *Souvla Pallicare* of the menu is the traditional dish of Greek shepherds and Mr. John Stais, the proprietor (*seen left*) served it with a native Greek wine of the house.



## MAJORCA SPANISH RESTAURANT



### The food

*Gazpacho Andaluz*  
*Merluza Salza Verde*  
*Pollo asado à la Catalana*  
*Leche frita*

### The wine

*Glorioso Reserva Especial*

### The dress

Susan Small's dress is in smoke-blue lace with a toning blue, silk chiffon swathed bodice. It is widely belted and has a straight skirt. The jacket (over

chair back) is in matching blue lace with a mink collar. Price: 35½ gns. from Gertrude Carol, Knightsbridge; Joan Sutherland, Maidenhead; Lindsay, Halifax. The rhinestone necklace and slim diamanté bracelet are from Paris House, prices: 7 gns. and 45s.

### The restaurant

The Majorca Spanish Restaurant at 66 Brewer Street, W.1 (GER 6803), specializes in dishes like the Gazpacho Andaluz of the menu. This is a chilled soup containing tomatoes, onions, cucumber, red peppers, garlic and bread. Señor Bonafont is seen pouring wine from a *porron* in Spanish style.





# FU TONG

## The food

*Foong Mai Har*—butterfly scampi  
*Sui Pai Kuat*—barbecued spare ribs  
 of pork in soya sauce  
*Chicken with almonds and pineapple*  
*Bean shoots*  
*Fu Tong fried rice*  
*Long life noodles*  
*Jasmine tea*

## The wine

*Oppenheimer Riesling*

## The dress

Frederick Starke make the collarless coat in gold and black brocade and the strapless dress in black velvet. The coat is full and has a sweeping back, the dress has slight hip pulling and a large flat half-tied bow in front. Pillbox in black spotted tulle with wide-mesh veiling by Jenny Fischer. From Fortnum & Mason, London; McDonalds,

Glasgow; Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells. Prices: dress £36, coat 40 gns. Rhinestone and pearl drop ear-rings 4 gns. and aquamarine ring 3 gns. from Paris House.

## The restaurant

The Fu Tong Restaurant at 29 Kensington High Street, W.8 (WES 1293), serves traditional Chinese dishes—the butterfly scampi and the barbecued spare ribs are specialities there. Mr. Fu the proprietor (seen in the picture) chose the wine for this menu.

## BRUSA'S

# Fifty Restaurant

## The food

*Prosciutto di San Daniele*—sweet, thinly-cut smoked ham  
*Lasagne Verdi Pasticciate*—baked Italian green pasta with Bechamel & Bolognese sauce, cheese & butter

*Risotto al Pollo*—Italian rice covered with sliced chicken, Bechamel, cheese & butter

*Spiedini di Scampi*—grilled scampi

*Pizza Napolitana*—with anchovies, tomato herbs & cheese  
*Pollo in Padella con Gnocchi*—braised quartered chicken, herbs, sliced mushrooms, white wine

## The wine

*Gancia Spumante*

*Vini di Pasto* (red or white)

## The dress

Hardy Amies' cognac-brown velvet theatre suit with sleeveless gold lamé crystal and sequin-covered blouse. The straight jacket has a loosely-tied neckline and three-quarter, slit-cuffed sleeves. The skirt, too, is dead straight. Jenny Fischer's hat in pale coffee tulle with cut-tulle pompon on top. Suit and blouse from Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1; Madame Joan, Nottingham; King's Fashions, Glasgow. The price: 57 gns. Ear-rings from Paris House.

## The restaurant

Brusa's Fifty Restaurant at 50 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2 (TEM 1913), is the place to find the traditional dishes of Italy's cities and provinces. The *Prosciutto di San Daniele* comes from the mountains of Friuli, the *Lasagne Verdi Pasticciate* is a famous pasta of Ferrara. With the food Roman-born Mr. Giuseppe Brusa (seen right) served a *Vini di Pasto*.







## Firdoshi

### The food

*Samosas* — triangular pastry stuffed with spiced meat or vegetables

*Shami Kabab*—minced meat, lentils and spices pounded together into a round flat cake and fried in ghee (clarified butter)

*Chapati*—like the Mexican *tor-tilla*—a soft pancake of flour baked on an open fire

*Chicken Biryani*—chicken and rice cooked in ghee with spices  
*Golab Jaman*—sweet made with milks, almonds and sugar

### The wine

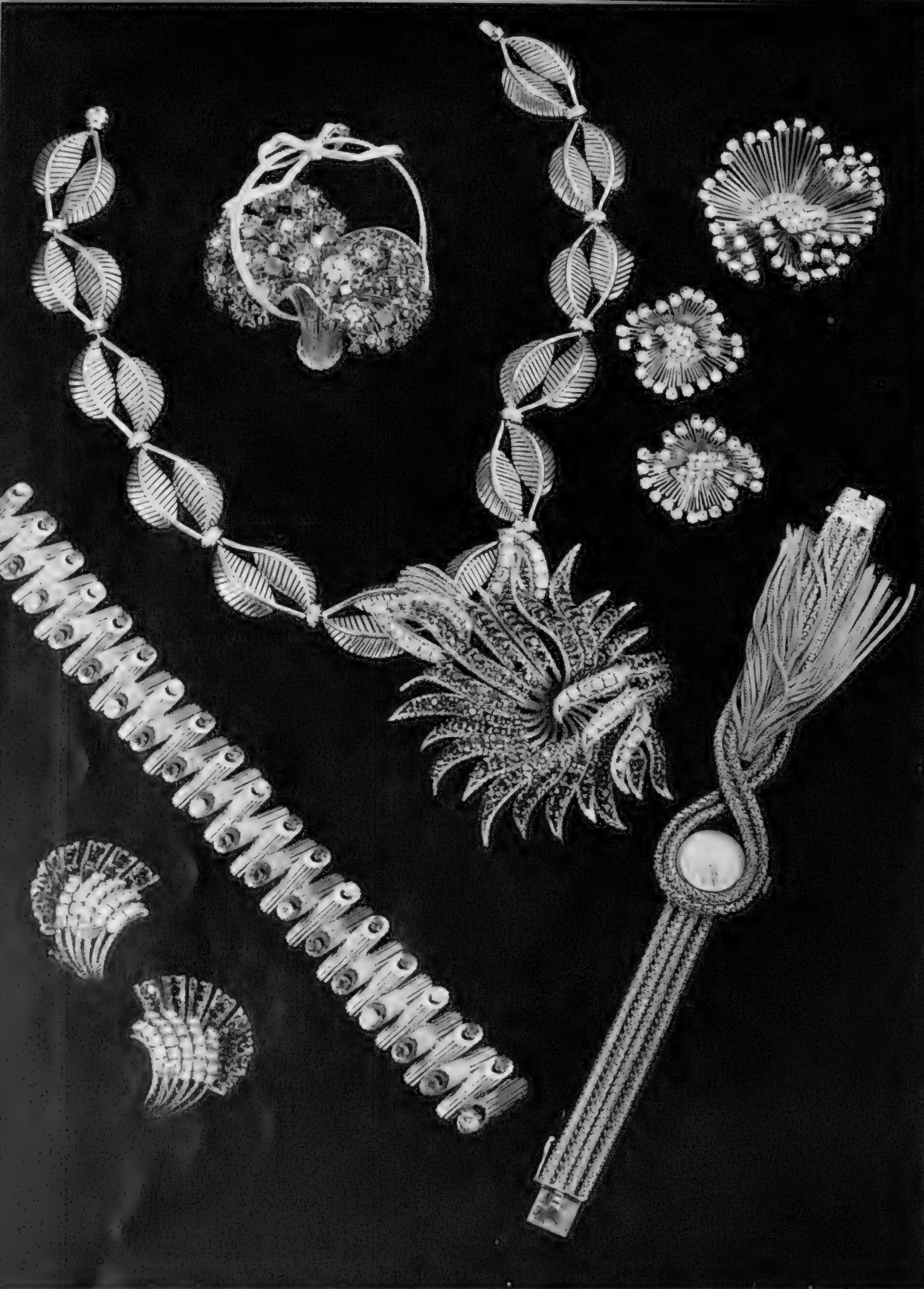
*Chianti*

### The dress

Christian Dior (London) made the round-necked gown of olive green heavy satin. A flat fringed bow is set at the tiny waist from which springs the semi-full skirt. The jacket (not shown) is small and the neck-line just touches the shoulders. From Harrods, Knightsbridge; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Pearl and rhinestone ear-rings 4 gns. and slim diamanté bracelet 45s. from Paris House.

### The restaurant

The Firdoshi at 22 Cranbourne Street, W.C.2, is one of London's most famous Indian restaurants and the exotic menu above is typical of the cuisine. The wine list is comprehensive and reasonable but Chianti is the favourite drink of its patrons. Directors are Mr. J. R. and Mr. K. J. Mody.



**Michael Gosschalk** (below, left) is one of the few jewellers working in England who can claim to be a designer in his own right. His shop in Motcomb Street off Belgrave Square is a storehouse of exquisite modern jewellery made by craftsmen to Gosschalk designs. He likes to work with small gems which lend themselves more readily to intricate *motifs* than the larger, more flamboyant stones, but many customers bring heirlooms to him for resetting in modern styles. Since starting on his own two years ago—he worked for many years with an industrial diamond firm—36-year-old Gosschalk has built up a large and distinguished clientele. An exacting craftsman, he combines an expert knowledge of gems with the ability to present them to the best advantage. Examples (*alongside*) include a leaf necklet in gold intersected with finely set diamond links; a basket brooch of gold wire set with diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires; a brooch and matching earclips in fine 18ct. gold wire set with diamonds. Prices: the necklet, £225; the basket brooch £80; brooch and earclips £585 and £485 respectively. Also shown is a tassel watch in 18ct. gold, hand-woven chain, £175; a gold bracelet set with emeralds and diamonds, £590; a ruby and diamond sea-flower brooch set in gold, £900, and earclips, £460.

Dennis Smith

Peter Waugh

## Artist in diamonds





# THE *Tortoiseshell* TOUCH

BEAUTY

JEAN CLELAND

TORTOISESHELL IS THE LATEST HAIR FASHION—NOT SINCE GRANDMOTHER'S day of methylated lamps, curling tongs, and switches, has this lovely accessory been used. Now, in the shape of tortoiseshell combs, and a new and subtle kind of hair colouring, it returns to give a charming slant to hair styling.

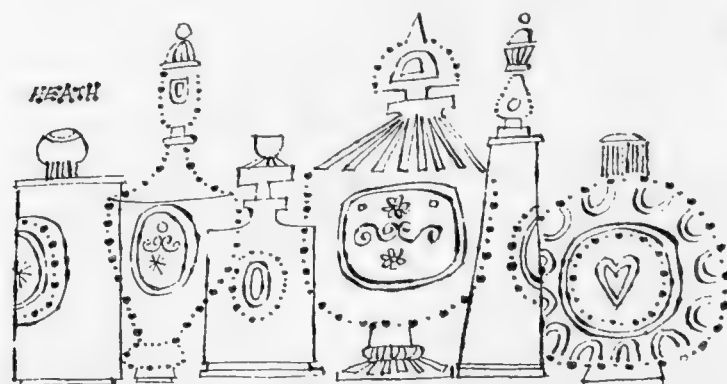
*The tortoiseshell touch* is a new creation from Olofson's Hair Salon in Knightsbridge, and seems all set to swing into success.

The combs—as with fans of similar vintage—can be used in many ways. For simplicity they take the form of prongs and for more elaborate hairstyles they are bigger and beautifully fashioned. Olofson uses them to stress the line of the hair, as can be seen in the photographs on this page. They can be bought from the Olofson Hair Salon, 176 Brompton Road.

Combs are not the only part of the tortoiseshell look—hair colouring, by a clever blending of various notes, achieves the light and shade seen in tortoiseshell itself. This colouring—achieved by the use of new crème tints from America—must not be confused with tipping or high-lighting. It is an entirely different technique. With the basic hair colour, brown or blonde, four other colours are skilfully blended. A series of strips or strands of hair are taken one by one and tinted, some a shade lighter, some darker. When finished, the effect is a soft shimmer in which the colours harmonize so gently that it is impossible to see where one leaves off and the other begins.

Those with short hair, who want a more formal look for evening, can add a switch which has already been given the tortoiseshell colouring, and attach it with the combs.

In talking of his tortoiseshell look, John Olofson said: "Some people have the feeling that colouring or tinting is drying to the hair. In the case of the new crème tints from America, they need have no fear. Far from having any drying effect they leave the hair beautifully soft and silky. This, in addition to their lovely subtle colours, makes them a joy to use." He went on to talk about the tortoiseshell combs. "It is surprising," he said, "how greatly the mood and character of the hairstyle can be changed according to how they are placed. A comb behind the ear gives a Spanish flavour. On the crown of the head a regal look, and so on. By clever arrangement they can even—in effect—change the shape of the face, giving it height or width and balancing the features."



*Tortoiseshell for the late day look. In the picture (top) a comb and a switch of hair are accessories with (beneath) tortoiseshell prongs to stress an upswept line. The other pictures show three ways of placing the combs for pretty evening looks. Combs and styles are by Olofson*

# Lalagh's last party

A HALLOWE'EN STORY BY VICTOR FRANK



ILLUSTRATED BY SHEILA BRIDGLAND

LALAGH FASTNET WILL NOT BE GIVING A HALLOWE'EN PARTY THIS year. I can now reveal—since I have just had a letter from Lalagh—that, after a leisurely tour round the world, she has decided to settle in Mexico, where she has been surprised to find that the estate left by her fourth husband not only exists, but is congenial.

“And Vicky darling,” she writes in a phrase so familiar that I can almost hear her vodka voice, “out here I shall never, ever, have to give a party again.”

That being so, I feel free to set down the events of Lalagh's last party just 12 months ago.

The invitation card was expensively engraved with a broomstick and a reproduction of that Assyrian cat from the Louvre, and it announced that Lalagh invited witches and warlocks to a Hallowe'en party starting at 9 p.m. on 31 October. Fancy dress would be worn.

Knowing the way of Lalagh's parties, I arrived two hours and several bottles of gin late. By that time, I thought, the preliminary politenesses would be over and a certain mellowness achieved. I was right. As I deposited my overcoat in the cloakroom I had to mutter a hasty “Excuse me” to an Irish peer who was being *very* Celtic with a sub-deb. I stepped through the usual fringe of Guardee sons and twittering girls on the wide staircase and made my way through the crowded drawing-room with its famous indecent ceiling, and into the Library.

The Library is always the heart of Lalagh's parties. There, around the enormous open fireplace, congregate her intimates. The drinking is slower but more thorough in the Library, because we know it will go on after the other guests have left; and reputations are roasted in a civilized leisure.

The usual faces were there. A Scottish earl who looked like a grouse; a couple of Socialist M.P.s looking like millionaires and an impoverished-looking man who owned a fleet of oil-tankers; a professional Communist drinking champagne; a young writer trying to be angry, and an older literary critic trying not to be; an oleaginous Mittel-European with a phoney title and charming manners, who was always telling debs that he would find them rich husbands; a pastel-tinted interior decorator; and a gush of wives and model girls.

And Lalagh. Having got all her guests into fancy dress, Lalagh was wearing a most un-fancy gown by Balenciaga. She looked as though she had been poured into it with a shaking hand, and it took me four drinks before I could have a word with her alone. “Well, what is it to be tonight?” I asked. “Ambassadors on broomsticks?”

“What do you mean, Vicky darling?”

“Every one of your parties has some horrid surprise. Personally, I believe the last Big Four talks broke down solely because of your disarmament party! And what have you fixed for Hallowe'en?”

“Oh, you needn't worry,” she laughed. “I thought we'd be *very* traditional tonight. The peasantry have nearly all gone now”—she nodded her tinted curls towards the drawing-room—“and the Library will settle down and drink Hallowe'en punch and play the old traditional games.”

“Such as?”

“Don't be precise, Vicky darling. How would I know? I've got an entertainer coming—he's supposed to know all about these things—and he can be master of ceremonies.”

“Master of a most remarkable range of ceremonies, dear lady,” said a voice at my side. I turned to my left and then to my right to find the owner of the voice, and then I turned right round to find myself looking at an extraordinary figure.

His plumpness was accentuated by a flowing cloak so that he appeared almost spherical. His head was bald and shining, and his eyes were like two glowing specks of lava set in a dumpling. He was beaming. He gave a courtly bow towards Lalagh and produced a large visiting card. I took it and read aloud: “Mr. Beazle.”

Suddenly the card seemed to be drawn from my fingers, as if it were attached to a cord, and I saw he was tucking it back into a pocket.

“You are a conjurer?” I inquired.

“Yes, I do conjure,” he replied. “Especially for Hallowe'en.”

I glanced at Lalagh and saw that, for the first time in all the years I have known her, she had lost a little of her poise. Mr. Beazle took her right hand, bent low over it, and gently placed his lips against her wrist. Then he straightened and said: “If I may—a glass of punch, and then to our revelry.” And he glided towards the punch bowl.

Lalagh stood transfixed, looking after him, and I noticed that she shivered. Then she raised her right arm and stared at her wrist. I followed her eyes. On the fair skin, purpled and livid, two small marks were appearing. They looked like the scar of a burn, and they were roughly in the shape of a man's lips.

Mr. Beazle was an immediate success. As he drank his punch, someone asked why he wasn't in fancy dress. “I am,” he said, lighting a cigar with a small blue flame which appeared to come from his right thumb-nail. “Voilà!” and he dropped his cloak. We stood



silently, for he revealed only a well-cut suit of tails in midnight blue. "Well?" Lalagh asked.

He turned slowly on small feet. And when his back was towards us we saw a tail, long and slender and ending in a sort of fork, curling down from his jacket. "Brilliant," said Lalagh. "A tail for Hallowe'en."

"How terribly taurean," said the interior decorator. "Blamed ridiculous," said a Labour M.P.

Mr. Beazle taught us Hallowe'en songs which, he said, he had learnt in the Black Forest. He had us playing silly games which involved imaginary circles on the carpet. Then there was an awkward hiatus when he demanded a goat which, he said, he would transform into a warlock. "But my dear man," said Lalagh, "you should have warned me if you wanted a goat. I can't possibly supply a goat at two in the morning in the middle of Westminster."

The rotund Mr. Beazle got cross. "It is inconceivable to celebrate Hallowe'en without a warlock, and even I cannot conjure a warlock without a goat."

"Well, I'm sure you are an excellent conjurer. Why don't you just conjure us something else?" said the literary critic.

The others took up the cry. "Go on, show us some conjuring tricks." Mr. Beazle appeared to make an effort to control himself, and agreed to conjure.

The result may have been a professional triumph for him, but it was disastrous for the rest of us. He conjured an address book from the Mittel-European's pocket and read some of the contents aloud. He pretended to thought-read the ship owner, and the thoughts may not have been accurate, but they were highly embarrassing. He hypnotized the interior decorator and told him to imagine his inhibitions were gone.

I will say no more about that half-hour, except that it became progressively more frightful until Lalagh took Mr. Beazle firmly by the arm and led him to the punch bowl, saying: "Now, dear man, I'm sure you have earned a rest. Just you have a quiet drink for a while."

The rest of us stood in a silent group, not meeting each other's eyes, and wondering if it was imagination or if Mr. Beazle's tail really had given a slight "swish" on the other side of the room.

One of the girls broke the silence by suggesting with a false gaiety that we should play John Brown's Body. I remembered the game from my student days. It was a particularly stupid one, but anything was welcome to thaw the embarrassment of Mr. Beazle's disclosures.

I expect you know the game, a traditional Hallowe'en one. The players sit in a circle, with the lights out, and someone chants a rhyme about John Brown's body. Various ridiculous objects are passed round and everyone giggles a lot. For example, when the chant is of John Brown's head, a turnip might be passed round; for his fist, a glove.

We put the lights out and we played. The extraordinary array of objects was passed round; and somebody must have raided Lalagh's refrigerator, because once I found myself passed a haddock and something which I am sure was an uncooked joint of beef.

Then I felt somebody push into the circle beside me and Mr. Beazle's voice said: "I am sure, ladies and gentlemen, you will not object if a professional joins your amateur pleasures." His voice was so compelling, taut with anger, that nobody spoke. Then he went on: "Let us change the gender of this game. And let us speed it up. I will initiate!" And the last three words rang round the room.

"The lady's head!" he said. And a roundish object was deposited in my hands. With a shudder, I passed it to my other neighbour.

"The lady's torso!" And I staggered as a large object weighed upon me. It sounds ridiculous now, but at that moment, in the darkness, it felt just like a woman's body as I lurched it on. There was a grunt from beside me, and a scream from somewhere as one of the women had obviously just been presented with the "head."

"The lady's legs," came Mr. Beazle's voice; but I thought this thing had gone far enough. There was a hubbub as I went to the light switch. Then I turned to face the room.

As eyes adjusted to the light, I saw Lalagh holding the "head."

She looked down, then gave a loud cry and appeared about to faint. The Scottish earl steadied her and murmured. "There, there, calm down. It's only a game."

"But it looks . . . real," Lalagh whispered.

It did. And so did the woman's torso on the carpet. And so did the two legs, separate, and awkwardly bent.

Mr. Beazle stood and he smiled. "Please," he said. "Remember this is only a Hallowe'en game that you were all so keen to play in preference to my entertainment. Permit me, dear lady—" and he took the head from Lalagh. With his other hand he grabbed the torso from the floor. Then he appeared to screw the head on to its trunk. He followed the same procedure with the legs. The body was complete.

A sort of general sigh rose. "There," said the earl. "You see? It's one of those wax dummies they have in shops. That's all. . . ."

Lalagh still looked shaken and was staring fixedly into the molten eyes of Mr. Beazle. He walked across to her, the dummy tucked under an arm, and said clearly: "Dear lady, I am offended. I have come a long way for this Hallowe'en night and I have been insulted. I shall not return. Adieu!"

He turned to leave; then hesitated, and his tail gave a ferocious twitch as he said: "I have no further need of this toy." With a great heave, he tossed the dummy into the huge open fireplace. It lay for a second on top of the logs and then, quite suddenly, the flames shot high as the wax ignited. The dummy was lost behind the blue and yellow flames. Then they, too, were momentarily submerged behind a gust of smoke. From the heart of the smoke came a long, wailing scream in the voice of a woman.



Before the scream died, Lalagh had fainted. By the time we had revived her, Mr. Beazle had gone and the fire was burning normally, with no trace of the thing it had consumed.

The party broke up rapidly. We made our way downstairs for our coats. The cloakroom door was locked. When we opened it, a dishevelled figure tumbled out. He was tall and thin and he wore a seedy dinner jacket. He said his name was Thompson, he was a professional conjurer, and the agency had sent him to be master of ceremonies at a Hallowe'en party. On arrival four hours earlier, a short round man had bundled him into the cloakroom and locked him in. Mr. Thompson was very sorry, but it hadn't been his fault.

At that point Lalagh fainted again.

And that was Lalagh's last party. Lalagh went abroad and has never returned. None of the rest of us has ever referred to the events of that night. There was no general agreement to keep silent: I suppose each of us just felt he would appear so ridiculous if he tried to talk about it.

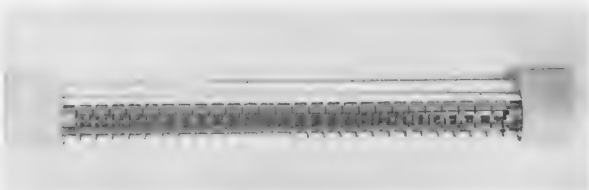
There's not much more to tell. According to Lalagh's letter, she is well and happy and does not intend to return to London. Her letter closed: "P.S. Some of these Mexicans have the most amazing primitive beliefs. I intend to devote several years to their study. Mr. Beazle tells me that I show a distinct aptitude."

# COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD  
MICROFILM BY NEIL PEPPE



PORTABLE fan convector by Morphy-Richards projects heat to mix with cold air layers just above the floor—all-over room temperature is greatly increased by this continuous operation as the fan forces a greater volume of air past the heating element. The heater has a 3-speed fan, a 3-way heat switch and is thermostatically controlled. £12 7s. 11d., at all main electrical stores



INSTANT HEAT for bathrooms, nurseries and kitchens from the Ekco Firestreak—a radiant heat fire. The one pictured above has a separate cord pull switch (for 750 watts, A.C. or D.C. voltage) and costs £4 2s. 8d. Model with built-in switch (A.C. only) price, £4 14s. 6d. From most electrical shops and Electricity Board centres



TREND-SETTING Eljay oil heater has a brand-new automatic lighting device, called Prestignition, which is started by pressing a button on the side of the heater. It is lit by a standard gaslighter battery. The tank holds 10½ pts. (sufficient for 25 hours burning, at maximum). Heat is easily adjusted by a switch. By L. J. Hydleman, 14½ gns. at most hardware shops

OIL-FIRED HEATING is becoming increasingly popular. It saves time and trouble, is clean and cheaper to run than electric or gas methods. For households which have solid-fuel boilers, an easy conversion to oil is available in the shape of the COB Mark III vaporizing oil burner made by Vaporheat, who are one of the pioneers of domestic oil heating in this country. Nearly all boilers are suitable for conversion and Vaporheat have agents throughout the United Kingdom who will either convert existing boilers, or provide entirely new ones. The COB unit costs £55, has safety controls and a thermostat. Added to this are the costs of an oil tank and installation and testing—total costs should be about £110. According to your needs, you can have either a semi-automatic, hand-ignited burner or a fully-automatic, electrically ignited pressure-jet burner. For an average three- to four-bedroomed house, an approximate sum for the weekly expense of heating the water and central-heating system would be about 28s.



RADIATORS for wall or floor are made by Hursel. There are two kinds—either oil-filled and sealed, or water filled and connected to main central heating system. The oil-filled electric radiators have a six-foot floor, are thermostatically controlled. From £11 9s. 11d. at most electrical departments

RADIATOR plus towel-rail also by Hursel. Called the Towel-Rad, it combines an oil-filled radiator and heated towel rail. The oil is hermetically sealed and thermostatically controlled. There are four models in varying heights—prices: £16 19s. 11d. —£22 19s. 11d. from electrical departments



UNDER-FLOOR heating offers a choice of two methods: water or electricity. In the heating by water process, pipes are embedded in the floor and connected to the main boiler. Installation costs vary but approximate prices for a three-bedroomed house are: for coke-fired or gas boiler £500-£600; for oil-fired boiler about £900. The heating is thermostatically controlled. But Richardson, of 177 Victoria Street, do not advise this method of floor-heating to be put into old houses—because of the mess involved. Electricity cables are connected to the main electricity cable and installation costs are around £20 per kW. Cables such as Pyrotanax can be installed by local electrical contractors. With its thermostatic control the system is economical.

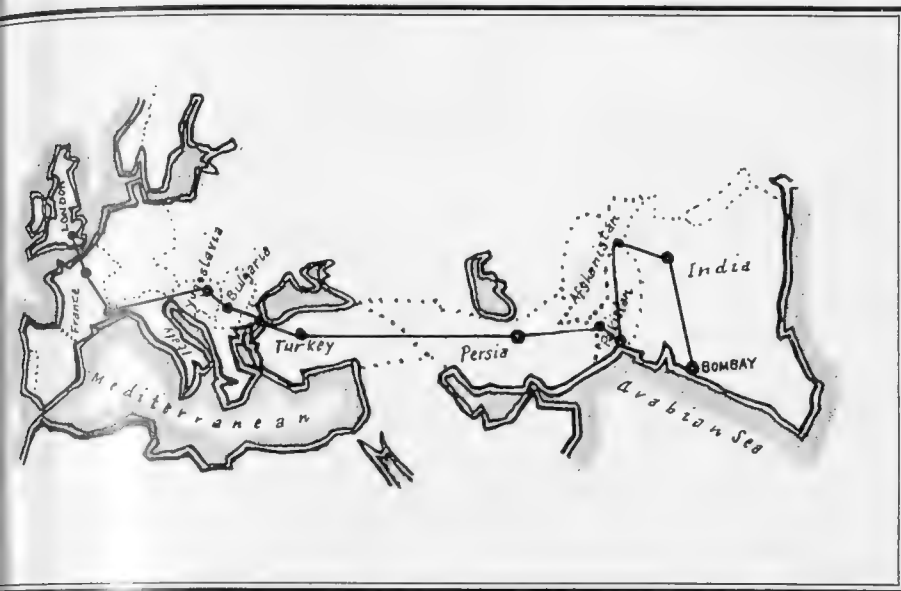


BY

UNDER WAY: *The bus in the French Alps Maritimes*

TO INDIA

The bus leaves King's Cross coach station about twice a year and reaches Bombay seven weeks or so later. The route and schedule is elastic and camping equipment is carried for an occasional night under the stars—but usually night stops are made at hotels. Speed is not the idea; people go to see the countries on the way (usually nine of them) and time is allowed for sightseeing. **J. ALLAN CASH** took these pictures en route



ITALY: *The Piazza Bar in Verona. From here the bus, operated by Garrow-Fisher Tours Ltd. of Kingston-on-Thames (and driven by Paddy Garrow-Fisher) went to . . .*



YUGOSLAVIA: *These peasants were in the Slovenian village of Sent Jerney (San Bartolome in Austrian times), in the valley of the River Sava, which has many spectacular views (left)*





# BY BUS TO INDIA continued

*The Golden Horn, seen at sunset (opposite), is crossed by ferry. . . . Then on into Asia, to modern Ankara with its Ataturk Mausoleum. . . .*

TURKEY



TURKEY



*There was snow in the Zigana Pass. . . . Luncheon was often at a chaikana (lorry-drivers' pull-up). . . . Sometimes the bus got stuck in the sand. . . .*

IRAN



IRAN



IRA



IRAN



BALUCHISTAN



*This was once a lighthouse for camel caravans. . . . The beautiful dome is of the King's Mosque in Isfahan. . . . Near Quetta, the Bolan pass. . . .*

PAKISTAN



PAKISTAN



PAKISTAN



*Cotton-pickers in the Sind desert, now irrigated and fertile. . . . In Larkana a passenger bought fruit. . . . Camels parade the modern streets of Karachi. . . .*

PAKISTAN

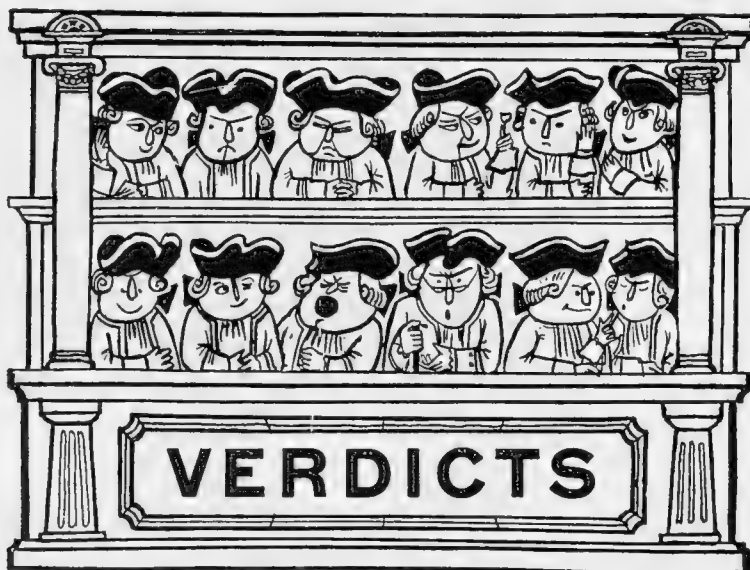


PAKISTAN



*This was the last stop before Delhi, where Allan Cash's journey ended. But the bus went on to Bombay via Agra, Jaipur and Ajanta*

*Innumerable villages and bullock-carts. . . . Then Lahore and its huge Badshahi mosque, Islam's biggest*



## THEATRE

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

### A lightweight scoops posterity

*The play* **THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST**  
(Fay Compton, Barbara Jefford, John Justin, Alec McCowen and Judi Dench). The Old Vic.

*The films* **NORTH BY NORTHWEST**  
(Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Jessie Royce Landis, Leo G. Carroll).  
Director Alfred Hitchcock.

**S.O.S. PACIFIC**  
(Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli, John Gregson, Eva Bartok, Eddie Constantine).  
Director Guy Green.

**THE NAVY LARK**  
(Cecil Parker, Nicholas Phipps, Ronald Shiner, Leslie Phillips, Elvi Hale). Director Gordon Parry.  
**SUMMER INTERLUDE**  
(Maj-Britt Nilsson, Birger Malmsten, Alf Kjellin).  
Director Ingmar Bergman.

*The records* **LESTER YOUNG MEMORIAL ALBUM, VOL. 1**  
**MUGGSY SPANIER'S RACTIME BAND**  
**THE REAL FATS WALLER**  
**TONY CROMBIE & HIS MEN**

*The books* **QUEEN MARY**  
By James Pope-Hennessy (Allen & Unwin, 42s.)  
**THE HIDING PLACE**  
By Robert Shaw (Chatto & Windus, 15s.).  
**MISTRESS OF MYSELF**  
By Mrs. Robert Henry (Dent, 20s.)  
**NO NAME IN THE STREET**  
By Gillian Tindall (Cassell, 15s.)  
**LONDON GREEN**  
By Neville Braybrooke (Gollancz, 30s.)

THE THEATRICAL FATES WHO PICK out plays for immortality are a human lot. They will calmly discard from a period like the nineties the work of all its big bow-wow dramatists and, with a merry cry of "Vive la bagatelle!" decide that the piece to give posterity unalloyed pleasure shall be one that its author labelled a trivial comedy. The odd choice is obviously the right one. It is the pure and perfect triviality of *The Importance of Being Earnest* that keeps its spontaneous invention and effortless wit perpetually fresh, and I do not remember a revival at the Old Vic that raised laughter quite so continuous and uninhibited.

The people of the play wear period clothes, but we do not think them the least dated on that account. It is easy to see that they belong to no period at all. Theirs is the timeless world of artificial comedy. The joke they are playing on us is one that can never grow stale. It is that man, by taking the elaborate ritual of society with dead-pan seriousness, is pretending to be civilized. In actual fact he is merely using the ritual as a pretext for wit. The chief difference between the characters of Wilde and the characters of Congreve, who play the same game, is a difference between the nature of the two authors. Congreve's brilliant wit has a sharp edge, Wilde's seems to flow happily out of a spirit of delicate fun. It is essentially sweet-natured.

The text of *The Importance of Being Earnest* is said to be studded with epigrams, but most of its jokes are happy strokes of comic fancy that are too light and easy to be called epigrams. "I don't know, Lane, that I am much interested in your private life." "No sir," replies the butler, "it is very dull. I never think of it myself." Or "Algy, you always adopt a strictly immoral attitude to life. You are not quite old enough to do that." The text is a living tissue of such smoothly unexpected repartee, and the perfection of the piece lies in the fact that dialogue and plot are one. The dialogue has not been weighted to trudge with the plot; the plot has been lightened till it can fly with the wings of the dialogue. For the whole of the three acts consequently we sport

freely in the empyrean of pure nonsense.

The revival at the Old Vic directed by Mr. Michael Benthall cannot be compared to the all-star revival that Sir John Gielgud gave us a couple of decades ago. It is the spirited work of a good repertory company, but the play comes through and the house is kept rippling with delighted laughter. Purists all the same will be perfectly right to complain that Worthing and Algy do not sufficiently preserve their detachment. They are both too eager and emotional in their attitude to the ridiculous complications that beset them. They are young men behaving as young men rather than young men mocking love in a series of witty attitudes. They have too much ardour, and Mr. John Justin's Worthing looks sometimes like becoming genuinely rattled, as for instance when the effect of his mourning wear is disturbed by the appearance of the brother he is supposed to be mourning.

If spoken with grave unctious the dialogue redoubles its comic power. Feelings may be ruffled, as when Algy insists on taking more than his fair share of muffins, but they must never be rudely disturbed. Actors who let them be disturbed obscure much of the play's style, and much, therefore, of its fun.

If Mr. Justin is a little too ardent, Mr. Alec McCowen, though generally nearer to the proper detachment, occasionally risks an effect of smugness. This, in the last analysis, is because his pretence of sophistication lacks style. The women seem on the whole to have more style than the men. Miss Barbara Jefford is deliciously remote in her avowal of the curious vibrations set up in her by the name of Earnest, and she and Miss Judi Dench make their scene of rivalry the comic highlight of the evening. Miss Fay Compton, determined not to be compared with Dame Edith Evans as Lady Bracknell, has uphill work, but she succeeds in the end in giving her own personal rendering of social intimidation. Miss Rosalind Atkinson is delightfully crisp as the painfully ladylike governess. Altogether, a revival that triumphs in spite of its shortcomings.



"MY METAPHOR WAS DRAWN FROM BEES." Left: *Urbanity is the keynote of a conversation between Canon Chasuble (Miles Malleon) and Miss Prism (Rosalind Atkinson) in The Importance of Being Earnest. But honeyed venom enlivens the scene (right) in which Cecily (Judi Dench) instructs Merriman (William McAllister) to hand her rival Gwendolen (Barbara Jefford) a cup of the heavily sweetened tea she detests*





## CINEMA

BY ELSPETH GRANT

### Maestro Hitchcock is back on form

AS HIS FANS WELL KNOW, MR. Alfred Hitchcock has a habit of "signing" his films with a brief personal appearance somewhere along the line. Bent upon being the first to cry "There he is!" one waited breathlessly, sometimes through the greater part of the picture, for his pear-shaped figure to flit across the screen. Mr. Hitchcock himself seems to have realized that this did not make for relaxed enjoyment: in *North By Northwest* he very sensibly gets the whole thing over with the credit titles. The angry little man left standing as a bus drives off (before the film has properly started) is the old maestro—though why he chose to be caught in so exasperating a moment, I cannot think. Mr. Hitchcock, it cannot be denied, has missed the bus with a film or two—but certainly not with this one.

It is as exhilarating, swift and impudent as the best he has ever given us—and the story, though improbable to a degree, almost succeeds in suggesting (blandly tongue-in-cheek) that "it could happen to you," for is not Mr. Cary Grant—who suddenly finds himself tangled up with spies and counter-spies—a perfectly ordinary guy?

Within minutes of the film's opening, Mr. Grant is kidnapped by a couple of thugs and whisked out

of New York to a stately country house where he is courteously but menacingly received by Mr. James Mason, who persists in addressing him by a name that is not his.

Mistaken identity (always enthralling) leads to attempted murder and thence to utter mystification. Mr. Grant, eager to find out why somebody wishes him dead, looks up the man Mr. Mason purports to be—a delegate to the United Nations—and is confronted by a complete stranger, who, in a trice, falls dead at Mr. Grant's feet with a knife in his back.

Mr. Grant, now wanted for murder (though innocent as the day), decides to try to track down the man he *himself* is supposed to be, and, with the cops on his trail, just manages to board a Chicago-bound train. He is picked up by an extremely attractive blonde, Miss Eva Marie Saint (groomed for seduction), who takes what seems to be the kindest interest in him.

But when Mr. Grant keeps a rendezvous she has arranged for him—on a deserted highway stretching as far as the eye can see across a barren landscape—and barely escapes with his life, it dawns on him that Miss Saint is probably not on his side at all. Still, if you follow the typically devious plot to its typically sensational climax,

you'll discover that Miss Saint, poor girl, was only doing her duty.

In *S.O.S. Pacific*, eight people, somewhat conventionally assorted, are stranded when their seaplane crashes on a small island which (as the inevitable scientist of the party soon apprehends) is shortly to be subjected to the full blast of a nuclear explosion. The bomb (or whatever the beastly thing is called) is sitting on another little island, four miles away, waiting to be electronically detonated. Mr. Eddie Constantine, rugged as all get-out, swims across to dismantle it—and to make sure that he gets there, Mr. John Gregson offers himself as bait for the pursuing sharks and perishes most gratifyingly. Mr. Richard Attenborough as a despicable and scruffy informer, Miss Eva Bartok as a bosomy South Seas tart, and Miss Pier Angeli as an airline hostess (bowed down by a pair of extravagantly heavy and unbecoming eyebrows) put in a lot of hard work to not much effect. It

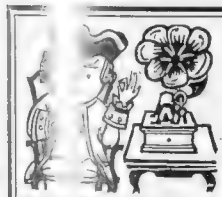
is Mr. Constantine's picture—bless his old granite puss.

Steam-radio fans will know just what to expect from *The Navy Lark*—and I can promise them they will not be disappointed: the standard of humour set by the B.B.C. programme is faithfully maintained at the level of the lower brow. Mr. Nicholas Phipps is everything even I could wish as the interfering Captain Povey, bent on winking out of their cosy little establishment on Boonzey Island the bunch of idlers who have made it a loafer's paradise. Praiseworthy (acting-wise) among these are Mr. Cecil Parker, the amiable C.O., Mr. Ronald Shiner, the redoubtable Chief Petty Officer, Mr. Leslie Phillips, the fatuous lieutenant, and Miss Elvi Hale, the Wren after whom he hankers.

Herr Ingmar Bergman's *Summer Interlude* is a compassionate study of a restless and melancholy prima ballerina (Froken Maj-Britt Nilsson) who feels she must choose between marriage (to a journalist, Herr Alf Kjellin) and her career.



ON THE RUN, Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint in *North by Northwest* elude the police by the aid of disguise (left), and (right) race against time up the giant stone faces of American presidents carved on Mount Rushmore



## RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

### The President could extend the riff

ONE OF THE BEST OF THIS MONTH'S releases is the first Lester Young memorial album. His death in March this year went almost unnoticed except in the musical press, but "The President's" tenor saxophone paved the way for the revolution which became bop and progressive jazz. Seen in the cold light of perspective the music he played with Basie in 1939-40, which is featured on this record (TFL5064), was many years ahead of its time.

I admit that I used to disapprove of Young's "honkings," simply because I was not tuned to his advanced approach. His in-

dolence was a standard joke amongst musicians—he even persuaded his father to let him give up drumming and take up the saxophone as the former were too heavy to carry about! One would not think of idleness as part of his make-up from listening to his biting aggression on "Taxi war dance," one of the greatest Basie pieces from this period, or from his superb extension of a simple riff like "Lester leaps in."

Other revivals this month come from Top Rank, who devote an album each to the best tunes from the repertoires of Tommy Dorsey

(35/026) and Charlie Barnet (35/037). Both bands were at their prime during the swing period of 1940-46, but the accent is too heavily on the arranger for the soloists to shine. Barnet modelled his band on Ellington, but never succeeded in capturing the true spirit of that great leader.

A British group which has attracted my attention is that of Tony Crombie, drummer/leader of several years' standing. The seven men he chose for his HMV session (ESG7753) are of top calibre, and their unconventional treatment of the material makes their music particularly interesting. The record is unusual in being one of the first stereo EPs to reach my turntable, but it is also available in monaural form.

Years ago I raved about Muggsy Spanier. As one of the best Dixieland trumpeters from Chicago he managed to keep the wolf from his door better than most jazzmen. It

took him until 1939 to hit the big time, when his sojourn in New York provoked so much interest in his Ragtime Band that they recorded enough material to fill an RCA album (RD27132). This re-issue of a classic session perpetuates the closely integrated horn playing of Spanier and trombonist George Brunis at its best.

A horny-voiced bop singer, Babs Gonzales, is spotlighted as "The Preacher" (Esquire 20-097) for his curious intonation, his occasionally philosophical lyrics, and the inevitable ration of inarticulate sounds. I prefer a much greater preacher, the ever-cheerful Fats Waller, whose piano work was a major contribution to jazz in the thirties. His prolific records are a permanent source of reissues (CDN 131) and a salutary reminder that jazz has not always been such a serious subject as it appears to be in the hands of today's progressive musicians.



## BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

### The Queen who bridged two worlds

NO ONE, I IMAGINE, IS GOING TO need me to recommend James Pope-Hennessy's enormous, tremendously enjoyable, masterly and elegantly written official life **Queen Mary**—a fantastic book to have produced in so short a time, since it takes in a formidable chunk of history, to say nothing of the sorting-out of Queen Mary's practically uncountable friends and relations.

Reading it, one realizes just why she earned the reputation of being such a remarkable woman. Her life stretched back into a world as remote from our own as the country East of the Sun and West of the Moon. She was the national symbol we knew, with a majestic toque and furled sunshade, who loved gardening, collected everything you could imagine and went, amazingly, to see plays one might have imagined would shock the life out of her; she was an endearingly not-quite-pretty little girl, with a small round face under a small round hat; she was also the great-granddaughter of George III, something that makes the past shut up suddenly, like a telescope. When you pull the family tree out from the back of the book, it stretches half-way across the room—but it is only a page deep. The book is splendidly produced, and written with gusto and understandable fervour.

**The Hiding Place** is a remarkable first novel by Robert Shaw, the young actor and anyone who

thinks all actors are inarticulate, itinerant mummers and no more (and for that matter anyone who is interested in a book with a brand-new idea), should read it. It opens in a cellar in Bonn where two British airmen have been imprisoned by a rum and alarming creature called Hans Frick, ever since they floated down from a wrecked plane during an air-raid. The story turns on a genuinely horrid surprise, and though it sags a little in the middle—and perhaps ideally might have been better as a long-short story—it seems to me a genuinely original and haunting piece of work.

To some Mrs. Robert Henrey may be haunting too, but original, after her many, many books tenderly examining those little secret places of a really womanly woman's heart, I can alas no longer find her. For devotees, **Mistress Of Myself** offers the same dainty fare as ever—the baking of bread, the cut of clothes, the babies, the knitting, the laughter and tears, and this time most of it takes place in Normandy, though it opens in London where Mrs. Henrey, growing older, cuts off her chignon and puts it in a paper bag. Her husband, depressed at first, "got up and buried his face in my hair, breathing its wild, untamed smell, taking a sad leave of it." Bobby is growing older, too, and showing great interest in French and Spanish literature and the classics.

We discover that Mrs. Henrey has "an Oriental streak" in her

(she worships ancestors), and that she used to invite Elinor Glyn to tea. ("We shared in our extreme youth a passion for the waltz.") Many will be glad to know that the loss of her wild untamed chignon has in no way dimmed Mrs. Henrey's passionate sensibility.

Gillian Tindall is very young indeed, and **No Name In The Street** is her first novel. It is a rather sad, super-romantic little love-story—young girl in Paris falls in love with painter-journalist who tells her she looks like a frightened child, turns faint at the sight of blood, and then regrettably transfers his affections to a nervous English boy called Stephen, while the poor heroine, now pregnant, goes miserably back to England to eat illegal pills in Holland Park.

Vincent, the muddled one, seemed

to me so desperately ineffectual that it is hard to take to him at all, and I am not sure I agree with the publishers, who say dazedly that "the weirdest imaginable characters foregather" in Miss Tindall's Bohemian Paris. The heroine is a nice honest girl, fond of quotations and exclamation marks, and the occasional generalization about women. ("It is the common lot of women to fall in love.")

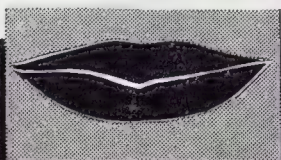
Neville Braybrooke's **London Green** is a book with a subject I find enthralling—the parks of London and their history—and the information and illustrations are fascinating. Perhaps it is sheer ingratitude to wish the book were not written in a style that is so winsome and so highly coloured. Mr. Braybrooke's material was good enough not to need such determined souping-up.



CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD, literary pioneer of the thirties, author of *Mr. Norris Changes Trains* and of plays (with W. H. Auden), has been visiting Europe from his Californian home. He celebrated his 55th birthday with his mother at her home near Manchester, where he is seen talking to poet Stephen Spender (right), with whom he had just visited the South of France. He has also been to the Stratford-on-Avon Festival. In America, Isherwood has recently been discussing a project to turn his novel *Prater Violet* into a play

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## Autumn in Malta

AS WE FLEW OVER SICILY, SUNSHINE scorched my starboard elbow, but ahead of us two banks of luminous violet cloud piled up like the Last Judgment. It was at this point that I put away my notebook, ordered a brandy, and contemplated, instead, the pleasing ivory and dove grey décor of BEA's new Viscount 800. We had breakfasted on the way to Rome; lunched—and exceedingly well—after the half-hour stop there; and, in the snap of a brandy and without even the slightest of tremors, we hummed reassuringly above the storm and over the golden and indigo terrain of Malta.

I particularly wanted to see Malta, because the Government is making one of the biggest and most business-like tourist bids of any Mediterranean country today, the object being to change an historical fortress into a tourist paradise. Tempting offers are being made to developers (a ten-year tax holiday and free importation of all building materials, furnishings and equipment, plus waterside sites on perpetual lease at low rentals, among other things). I had a look at seven different beach sites scheduled for development and, although the full-

scale luxury of self-contained resorts may be two years around the corner, it is clearly no pipe dream.

There is already plenty to do and see in the island—which has one of the driest and sunniest climates in Europe. Only accommodation is lacking, although it is at the moment adequate, not to say traditional, at the Phoenicia Hotel in Valletta.

I've heard people rave about Malta in the spring when it is lush with wild iris and orchids and cyclamen. When I was there, early in October, the island was bleached pale golden and barren by the sunshine. At first sight it is not exactly beautiful, but it does have a quality that grows on one. Once the eye has accustomed itself to the apparent monotone of rock and sandstone (almost, in places, a lunar landscape), it becomes an essay in its own colour: red soil, pale green prickly pear, with every field, every few square feet of land bound by weathered stone walls like some transplanted Derbyshire. A clump of casuarina trees, a grove of olives give relief, and always on the horizon flashes the sea, just as blue, I promise you, as any travel poster

would have you believe. And in every tiny hamlet is one of the immense golden stone churches—some 300 of them on the island, altogether.

It is compact and easy to explore: no more than an hour and a half's journey by car from one end to the other. For swimming, head straight for a trio of bays on the north east coast: Military Bay, Ghan Tulfieha Bay and the less accessible Gnejna Bay. The alternative is to take a boat and explore from the sea the many rocky coves which are almost inaccessible except by boat.

This year, Malta was also the venue for the world underwater fishing championships—I need say no more of its potential in this direction. The hotel can lay on the hire of a launch from Valletta complete with skipper, fishing tackle, an icebox for picnics and accommodation for 12 people at £12 a day. Otherwise you might make your own bargain with one of the fishermen.

Malta also fascinates the archaeologically minded. The incredible Hypogeum, discovered in 1902 and now established to date back to

*continued on page 233*



St. Julian's Bay, Malta

by DOONE BEAL



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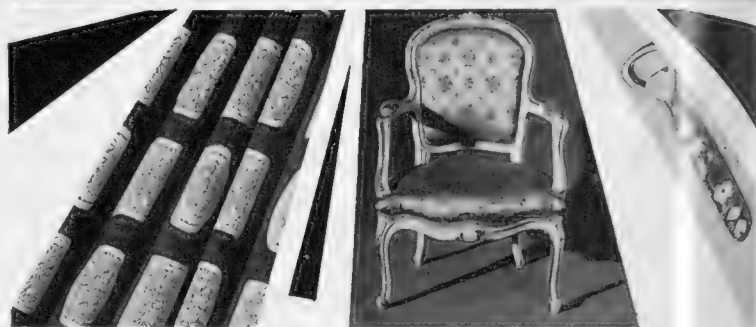


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4000 B.C., has an oracular chamber which was used also as a sanctuary and later, apparently, as a burial ground. Then there are the outdoor temples of Mnajdra, Tarxien and Hagar Qim—the last, on a windy headland over the sea, is beautiful in its own right whether one appreciates its significance or not, and is also a favourite picnic spot.

Near the Blue Grotto is Wied iz-Zurriq, a deep blue creek between the rocks where fishing boats are moored. Here you can indulge in the primitive pleasure of buying your fish on the quayside and taking it to one of the cafes to be cooked and eaten on the spot.

One of the most interesting places in Malta is the original capital, Mdina, high on a ridge overlooking the rest of the island. It is a silent city of tall narrow streets, where bread is still sold, hot from the ovens, from an itinerant donkey cart. See it by day—a Cellini tabernacle in the Cathedral, among other things—but it takes on new magic at night and is fantastically beautiful by full moon.

Not far away, at Mosta, is one of the island's proudest churches, whose gigantic dome (the third largest in Europe) has baffled succeeding generations of architects because it was constructed without the use of any scaffolding. A near miracle to the Maltese, and not surprisingly, is the 500-lb. bomb which dropped through its blue and golden roof in 1942, and rolled, unexploded, among the congregation. It now occupies a slightly sinister but impressive corner of the vestry.

I have said nothing of the Grand

Harbour, the Co-Cathedral of St. John in Valletta, or the Palace of the Grand Masters, because they are inescapable. I spent a fascinating day wandering up and down Valletta's almost perpendicular streets which lead to the harbour. It is no full-scale shopper's paradise, but save your pennies for the jewellers' shops, especially those off the main street. More of them to the half mile than I have ever known, they are festooned with gold chains and local filigree work, but have also a treasure trove of Victorian jewellery.

Malta has no night life as such, but the Griffin Restaurant in Rabat, with a glorious outdoor terrace and late dancing, is the obvious place to spend the evening. A distinctly un-British and most welcome surprise is the lateness of the hour at which one does dine: nowhere fills up much before 9.30 p.m. Two other places to eat are the Harbour Bar in St. Paul's Bay (rough, rowdy, undeveloped, and all the more fun because of it), and the Tunny Net, at Mellicha Bay.

Self-drive cars cost £1 10s. a day including petrol. Or, if you are motoring through France and Italy, you can trans-ship your own by the boat which connects the Sicilian port of Syracuse with Valletta, some 60 miles and six hours away. BEA run daily Viscount flights—the night tourist return being a true bargain at £42. The day tourist flight, at £52 10s., is still, owing to the *cabotage* privileges, cheaper than the flight to Rome, and one may stop over in Nice at no extra cost.



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*Armstrong Siddeley Star Sapphire, the car I  
drove to Frankfurt, alongside the Bardic  
Ferry before the Channel crossing*



## MOTORING

# Thoughts on a ferry

by GORDON WILKINS



*Styling consultant Raymond Loewy stripped 100 lb.  
of chromium from his Cadillac and rebuilt  
the body on slimmer lines*

AS I DID MONTGOMERY SEEMS TO put advocates of the Channel Tunnel in the same category as Labour voters, we may have to wait a little while longer for it. Meanwhile, there are various ways of crossing the Channel. You can do it by air, reducing the loss of time to a mere twenty minutes or so; you can take a day ferry, driving on and having a meal *en route*; or you can catch the night ferry and ensure a really early start next day—provided you can sleep through the commotion as the train comes on board. I think more people from the North, the West and the Midlands would gladly use the Southampton-Le Havre route and avoid the long drive to Dover if the charges were reduced.

However, going to the Frankfurt Motor Show I tried another route, making it the occasion for a sea voyage in leisurely comfort. We arrived at Tilbury early in the afternoon, embarked on the Atlantic Steam Navigation Company's *Bardic Ferry* and sailed down the Thames at 4 p.m., past tall ocean-going liners, the gigantic chemistry sets of the oil refineries and those strange, deserted ack-ack forts standing on their stilts.

After dinner, the gay lights of Margate set the sky aglow and the moon spread a silver path across the sea as we retired to a com-

fortable cabin for the night voyage.

When we woke we were sailing up the Scheldt past green fields. As we finished breakfast the boat nosed past the great Belgian Ford works to tie up in the docks of Antwerp, which is a convenient starting point for Belgium, Germany, Scandinavia, parts of France and even Italy. Soon after nine we were on the road.

The service carries a lot of commercial vehicle traffic but it also carries many holiday makers. The ship carries 53 passengers including 17 first-class, and does three trips a week each way, leaving Tilbury (Monday, Wednesday and Friday) and Antwerp (Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday) at 4 p.m. Return charges for cars, which are much less than double the single rate, vary between £8 18s. and £26 3s. Passengers: first-class, between £5 and £7 each way, second-class, £3 to £3 15s., including all meals.

The car I was using was the Armstrong Siddeley Star Sapphire. If you only knew the old Sapphire it is difficult to imagine what a great improvement the Star model represents. With automatic transmission, power-assisted steering and servo-assisted disc brakes, it is an excellent car for fast, silent long-distance travel—and it fully justifies its higher price. The style is not to everyone's taste, and some of the

colour schemes might be improved, but its performance (up to 100 m.p.h.), refinement, equipment and finish, represent a considerable achievement at the price. One of those rare cars in which one seems to arrive early without really trying.

The air ferry charges are coming down again—Silver City have just reduced theirs for the tenth time in 10 years. You can now take a Miniminor to Calais or Le Touquet for only £3 during the winter and a bicycle or a moped goes for a mere half-crown. In the year ending 30 September, they wafted 67,435 cars across the channel, against 50,000 last year.

The railway policy of carrying cars by rail is paying off handsomely and we seem to be returning to the practice of 120 years ago, when gentlemen put their carriages on the train, braving the smuts to escape the tedium of driving between towns. They were more fortunate than us, for there were no parking meters waiting at their destination. French railways tell me they carried 18,100 cars and 55,000 passengers on their Boulogne-Lyons and Paris-Avignon car transporters last summer and are planning increased services for 1960.

For my next car I am keeping an eye on the second-hand columns. What I am looking for is something like this:

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One of the very few people who drive a car with unique bodywork to his own design is Raymond Loewy, the famous styling consultant. His last two have been a Jaguar coupé and a 507 BMW. Now he has built himself a Cadillac. This time he has retained the centre section of the standard body, but has transformed it by scrapping more than 100 lb. of chromium-plated decoration and fitting completely new front and rear ends, giving a slimmer if somewhat controversial line. There is no radiator grille. At high speeds air is taken to the radiator by a scoop under the car. At city speeds it passes through the perforated nose panel which looks rather like an old-fashioned meat safe at close quarters, but gives the smooth appearance of a rear-engined car when seen from across the street. Apart from the fog lamps under the front bumpers, there are floodlights recessed into the lower surfaces of the wings, which create a pool of light in front of the car, but cannot be seen by oncoming traffic. The width of the nose is 18 inches less than that of the standard model, but nevertheless, space has been found for small supplementary luggage lockers inside the front wings.



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WE WERE HAVING COFFEE WITH *croissants* in one of those pleasant Wigmore Street places, where both were as good as any I have enjoyed in Paris. Suddenly Jeannine (who makes *croissants* very well) remarked that in future she would not do so much baking and cooking, "there being no point in it." Instead, she would buy her specialities ready-made.

This somewhat saddened me because she is one of the most gifted, albeit modest and unsnobbish, cooks I know, and that is something of a rarity. Half-French and half-Italian, she comes from a family of talented cooks on both sides.

During school terms there may be only herself and her husband in their large flat. On the other hand there may also be a host of relatives and visitors from abroad. It is nothing for Jeannine to seat 10 people at dinner, all the dishes prepared and cooked by herself. During the holidays, when her three boys are at home, there is always much cooking going on. We both love cooking and agreed that it was not the cooking that worried us but the washing-up.

While I was still regretfully pondering her resolve, Jeannine announced that as two of her boys would be home she had just made a large *Terrine de Lièvre* for the weekend, so that there would be something to cut into in case of an "extra" for Sunday's supper. (The housewife who is never caught unexpectedly without something worth while on hand must be getting rare, these days).

I thought this a good idea, so here is a *Terrine of Hare*—not Jeannine's, but one which I can recommend:

Remove the meat close to the bone from the spinal section of a medium small hare, then cut it into pencil-thick strips. Remove the remainder of the meat (it does not matter how untidily). Allow an equal amount each of pie veal and fat neck of pork (skinned), also 6 oz. each of that hard dried, salted Continental pork fat and rashers of unsmoked streaky bacon each cut as thinly as possible.

Put the hare meats, veal and fat neck pork in a basin with a bay leaf, a parsley root,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon powdered thyme, 2 quartered shallots, lots of freshly-milled pepper

## A hare in hand...

by HELEN BURKE

and a little salt (remembering the bacon and the dry salt pork). If garlic is liked, crush a clove of it in the salt in the first place, discarding the residue. On to this mixture, sprinkle 2 or 3 tablespoons of Madeira, sherry or brandy, stir well and leave for 2 hours.

Remove the bay leaf, parsley root and shallot and set aside the pencil strips of hare. Pass the rest of the mixture through a fine mincer and beat an egg into it.

Line the bottom and sides of a suitable terrine soufflé dish with the salted pork fat. Place a layer of the minced mixture in the bottom, then a layer of the pencil strips of hare, then one of the unsmoked bacon. Repeat until all the ingredients have been used, finishing with a layer of pork fat. Cover and stand the dish in a pan with hot water reaching about three-quarters way up it. Place in the oven at 300 to 325 degrees Fahr, or gas mark 2 to 3. After  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours, take a look. If the fat is clear, the *pâté* is cooked. If there is a cloudy liquid, return the dish to the oven and continue cooking until the fat is clear.

Remove and pour into the dish the following aspic: cover the hare bones with cold water. Add a bouquet garni, a small onion (including the outer skin for its colouring) and a little seasoning. Cover and simmer for 2 hours.

Strain the stock. Dissolve in it  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. best quality powdered gelatine for  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint. Pour the hot liquid into the hot *pâté*. Leave until it has been absorbed, then place a weighted plate on top (or a piece of wood cut for the purpose). When cold, store, tightly covered, in the refrigerator for three days before cutting into the *pâté*.

For an easy aspic, use aspic powder or crystals, following the directions. In this case, use the hare stock for soup.

TAILPIECE: These days, I find that many handy and economical foods come in tubes. They keep well, do not waste and so save money. Best saver of all, of course, is tubed tomato puree or paste. That alone saves many shillings for me, each year. Mustard is another and, though I make my own mayonnaise, I can imagine the tubed variety is a boon to many business women.



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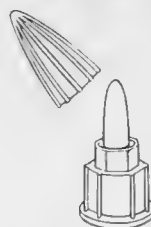


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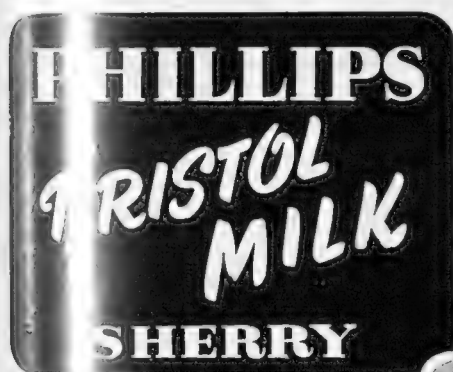
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